TO FEED PEOPLE'S SOULS

Religious Education
Exhibit
Pacific School of Religion

DECEMBER 1975

youth
MAGAZINE

Front Cover: SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT, David C. Driskell, Acrylic on Canva
Collection Tougaloo College

Inside Front Cover: SUN AND CANDLE, Romare Bearden, Collage.
Collection Tougaloo College

Inside Back Cover: THE NEGRO BOY, Hale Woodruff, Oil on Canvas.
Collection the Barnett Aden Gallery

Back Cover: THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST, William H. Johnson, Watercolor.
Collection Fisk University

TO FEED PEOPLE'S SOULS

Stevie Wonder is a black artist who is known to most of us. But do you know the artistic works of David Driskell, Romare Bearden, Hale Woodruff, and William H. Johnson? They are also top black artists and four-color samples of their work appear on the covers of this issue of *YOUTH* Magazine.

To learn more about other black artists in U.S. history and to see more samples of their works, turn to page 27 for a 16-page portfolio from the Amistad II exhibit of Afro-American art now touring the United States.

HIP MAGICIAN ON BROADWAY By Eileen Stukane 4

IT'S IN THE AIR Paperclips by Doug Brunner 12

FAITH BY PHONE IN ILLINOIS By Sandra Goeke 18

BLACK ART TOURS World premiere 24

AMISTAD II PORTFOLIO A Bicentennial special 27

WHY THE BIBLE TODAY? By Frank H. Seilhamer 44

"I SAW GOD, DAD" By Paul Dalmau and Carol Amen 48

TOUCH AND GO By our readers 54

HUNGER IN BRAZIL By Jeanette Good 56

JUST THE RIGHT WORD Prayer by Herman C. Ahrens, Jr. 66

youth magazine

DECEMBER 1975, VOL. 26, NO. 12

EDITOR: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.

MANAGING EDITOR: Geneva M. Butz

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Susan M. Grant

ADMIN. SECRETARY: Clara Utermohlen

EDITORIAL ADDRESS: Room 1203, 1505 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102 (215) LO 8-3950.

YOUTH Magazine is published for high school young people of the United Church of Christ, the Episcopal Church, the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., the American Lutheran Church, the Moravian Church, the Lutheran Church in America, the Presbyterian Church in the U.S., the American Baptist Churches in the U.S.A., and the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

YOUTH is also recommended for use among the young people of the Anglican Church of Canada.

YOUTH is recommended for Roman Catholic young people by TeleKETICS (The Franciscan Communications Center).

Opinions expressed in these pages are not necessarily those of the cooperating churches.

YOUTH Magazine is published monthly except for July-August by the United Church Press, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

Second Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Single subscriptions, $6.00 a year; two years for $10.00. Group rates, three or more to one address, $4.50 each. Single copies 60 cents. Rates higher outside the North American continent.

SUBSCRIPTION OFFICES: YOUTH Magazine, Room 1310, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. For United Presbyterian subscription rates: 1132 Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107. For American Baptist subscription rates: American Baptist Board of Educational Ministries, Valley Forge, Pa. 19481.

Copyright © 1975 by United Church Press

DESIGNERS: Bob and Sandy Bauer

A VERY SECRET ILLUSION

AN INTERVIEW WITH MAGICIAN DOUG HENNIN

WRITTEN BY EILEEN STUKANE
PHOTOS BY RUTH BERNAL

HE ART OF MAGIC DEPENDS
N THE SECRECY OF ITS
ETHODS; IF PEOPLE FIND
UT THE SECRETS, THE
ENSE OF WONDER IS GONE
ND IT'S NO LONGER MAGI-
AL . . . so goes the secrecy oath
at *everyone* who works with
agician Doug Henning must
gn, or they simply don't work
ith him. "People know that if

they tell their husbands, wives, or friends about my illusions, they're spoiled, and nobody that I've ever worked with—ever—has told. I guess they know how much I love what I'm doing and the feeling of

---

Ms. Stukane is a feature editor for *Cosmopolitan* and a frequent contributor to *YOUTH* Magazine. Ruth Bernal appears in national publications, including *YOUTH.*

magic rubs off," says this 70's wizard.

We were backstage at the Cort Theatre on Broadway, where for more than a year-and-a-half, 28-year-old Doug Henning has starred in "The Magic Show," and here, almost singlehandedly, he has turned magic into a respectable art form. Ever since the famous prestidigitators Houdini, Thurston, and Blackstone passed from the limelight into history, there's been a vacancy open for a new master. Today, Doug Henning fills the space with his incredibly nimble fingers and refined, undetectable techniques.

He's not a magician with white tie, top hat, tails, or doves in his pockets, bouquets up his sleeves, and coins in his ears; instead he's a blue-jeaned, T-shirted, sneakered, regular person. His sandy hair falls long and wavy; eyes sparkle with enthusiasm, and a toothy smile crosses under his mustache when Doug Henning talks about his vocation.

"I have a degree in physiological psychology (Bachelor of Science from McMaster University in Canada) and I was going to be a doctor, when I took two years (1971-72) to travel around the world as a magician. I suddenly realized that magic is one of the greatest arts in the world and nobody's getting into it. Maybe there'd be a magician, an odd one, on television; others did nightclub

"When I was 14 and my sister was 12, I'd float her in the air. Sh loved it! That's when lived in Canada."

acts, but no one was involved studying the psychology and t art of magic—coming up with ne ideas, making it modern."

A Canadian, Henning has a lo of illusion that started back in h childhood in Toronto where read all the books he could get magic and put on little shows f the local kids. "I used to have sign that said MAGICIAN, HA RABBIT, WILL TRAVEL, and father built me a magic table was 14; my sister was 12, and float her in the air. She loved i Those were the early, developi days, when he was still practici magic the way everyone else d but not now.

"The Magic Show" on Broa way and Doug Henning's upco ing live NBC-TV Special, "T World of Magic," (December 8 p.m.) are showcases for revolutionized illusions (Henni doesn't like the word, "tricks On Broadway, for eight shows week, he separates a woman just into two parts, but three,

anadian Doug Henning discusses a
mous predecessor, Houdini.

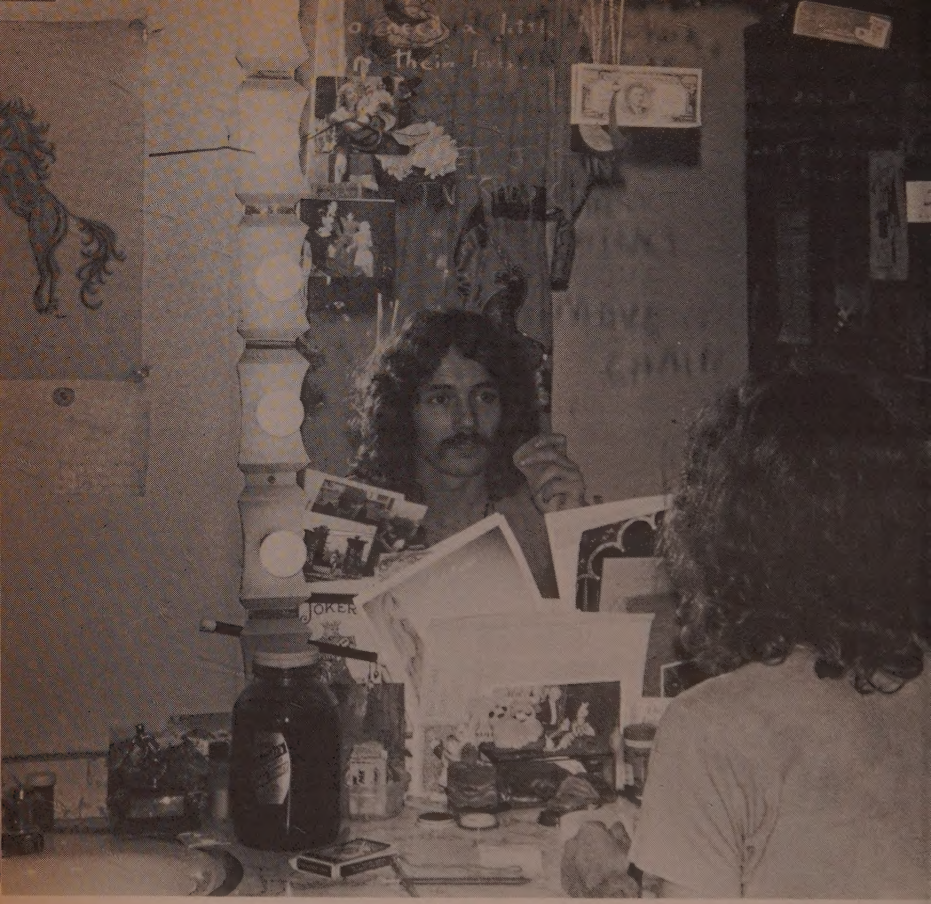
aws a lady in half and then loses
ie bottom half before he reunites
er, he turns a co-star into a
ougar, and all the while, rock
usic, dancing, and an actual
lot are going on. What Henning
as done is to bring magic to the
ontemporary theatre. Here's a

man who's actually making a magical living!

"When I started, people said, 'You're crazy, you'll starve,' so I thought, 'Why attempt what everybody else has tried and failed?' I decided to go into new areas. I went into coffeehouses, worked with rock bands and decided to do a Broadway musical. I'm going places where magicians have never gone. I was a little bit hesitant at first but I always believed."

He certainly was sure enough to convince the Canadian Arts Council to allot him $4000 plus travel expenses during '71 and '72 when he covered the globe in search of the wise elders of magic. Those two years were supposed to be a hiatus from his academic grind. Just as soon as they were over he was going to go to medical school, but we know what happened. "At first, the Canadian government wrote me a letter and said, 'Magic is not an art,' and I wrote back 'You're crazy; I'll audition for you.' I flew to Montreal, performed for them, and explained what I wanted to do with magic and theatre." A "magic" grant was a bit unorthodox for the bureaucrats, but they finally bequeathed it, and Doug was off.

"I met two magicians—Slydini and Dai Vernon—who really tutored me and those men, more than any others, were influences. I came to New York, stayed at the



When Magician Henning took his acts of illusion to Broadway, music and plot were added, and the result was "The Magic Show."

YMCA, and since I had no money, Slydini used to cook Italian food for me. Then we'd spend all night rehearsing and doing magic. His method of magic is misdirection, which is redirecting the senses, and he gave me a lot of psychological secrets.

"Dai Vernon and I spent hou at The Magic Castle, a privat club for magicians in Los An geles, and he taught me to believ in my own magic and be natura We used to practice eight hours day there. He made me unde stand that if people see som

'I'm going places where magicians have never gone. I was hesitant at first but I always believed."

hing unnatural in a movement, hen they know what you're doing sn't magic, and everything must ook *real*."

Doug gets tremendously ex- ited when he starts remembering is exposure to those dedicated hen. He's moving a deck of cards h his hand in a very skillful irection as he speaks, and then dmits that he's practicing, while e're watching. "I take the seven f hearts like so, and it jumps back p to the top." The card appears, isappears, then appears again. mazing! "Magic is poetry of the ands. I do half-hour finger xercises every day and stretch- ng yoga exercises too. The yoga elaxes while it gives me energy."

Then, he returns to talking bout his lasting adoration of agic. "Magic is just like dancing. here are basic steps you build n. As soon as there were people, 2500 B.C., they were doing icks, and these same illusions xpanded over centuries and enturies. To invent a magic illusion is impossible, just like, how can you invent a dance step? In 'The Magic Show,' all the presentations are original, but they're based on things that have happened before.

"Let's take the Metamorphosis (an illusion where co-star Dale Soules is handcuffed and locked inside a chained wooden trunk. Henning holds up an orange velvet drape which hides himself and the trunk, and when the drape is dropped in less than a second, Ms. Soules is standing atop the trunk, Henning is released from within, and he's wearing, by the way, a different, silky, white costume). Houdini did this illusion; he changed places with his wife as a big escape. The whole presentation took 20 minutes, and the exchange took 12 seconds, a long time. I do it in a different way where the entire thing only takes two and one-half minutes and the exchange only takes a third of a second, plus I do a costume change. My style is different."

But the Henning way isn't chance; it's practiced sorcery. The first time he tried Metamorphosis, he was 14. "I did it slowly for two or three years, and then I worked until the illusion got faster and faster, and I added the costume change. Now it's faster than it's ever been, but I've been doing it for 14 years.

"I have a saying when I learn a new illusion—'the difficult must

become habit, the habit easy, and the easy, beautiful.' You can see how an illusion is very difficult, and then you learn it and it becomes habit, but you've got to make it beautiful for the audience. The art of being a magician is to make everything look like special magic, not a trick.

"Magic really has two levels—a hobbyist level and the very, very, secret professional level. If anyone reading *YOUTH* Magazine is thinking about magic as a living, I would first recommend completing his or her education. It's a very hard living, as is any career in show business, but magic is a wonderful hobby. You can go to the library and get magic books that teach you the basic tricks, and afterwards there are organizations to join where you'll discover the advanced stages. In every major city in the U.S., a person can contact branches of The International Brotherhood of Magicians or the Society of American Magicians. You'd have to audition to become a member but once you're in, you'll discover a fascinating world."

If there is another budding Doug Henning out there, he or she would have to have the foresight that Doug did when, after his two years of traveling, he created a vehicle for his talent in a magic/music show. "I borrowed $5,000 from a bank, arranged for a backers' audition, and invited a lot

"If people see something unnatural i a movement, they knov it's not magic. Everything must look real."

of millionaires to come. I was ve naïve, but I was so naïve, ever thing worked. We raised $70,0 and put together a show calle 'Spellbound' in Toronto. Really, was 'The Magic Show,' but wi different music and plot." Ne York producers Edgar Lansbu and Joseph Beruh became s smitten with Doug's talent, th brought him and his Canadia producer Ivan Reitman to Broa way, commissioned new son and a story that centers around Passaic, N.J., club, and raised t curtain on "The Magic Show."

So, although he says he's "citizen of the world," magici Henning has made New York h home for a while, and medic school has faded into a dista memory. First, Broadway, a now television is attracting th compact (no taller than about fi feet, six inches) agile artist. Hop fully, he'll successfully acco plish his version of Houdin water torture escape on t

December 26 TV special and keep us guessing further.

At the moment, showtime was drawing near, when Doug Henning would trade the unicorn T-shirt he was wearing for a unicorn-appliqued jumpsuit. Tonight, as is his habit, he'd also meditate to recharge his energy before curtain call. It was appropriate for a reporter to disappear.

The guard at the backstage door smiled a farewell. "Have you taken the secrecy oath?" I asked. "Not yet, I'm new here, but I'd never tell anything anyway." □

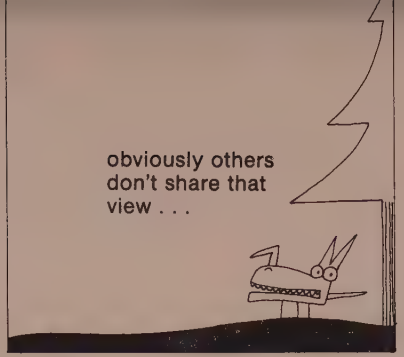
A dramatic climax to the Broadway show is when Magician Henning turns an actress into a cougar.

IT'S IN THE AIR

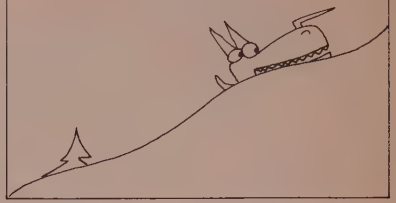
Paperclips
By Doug Brunner

i had an image of myself as a 100-card person . . .

obviously others don't share that view . . .



i'd better learn some card tricks



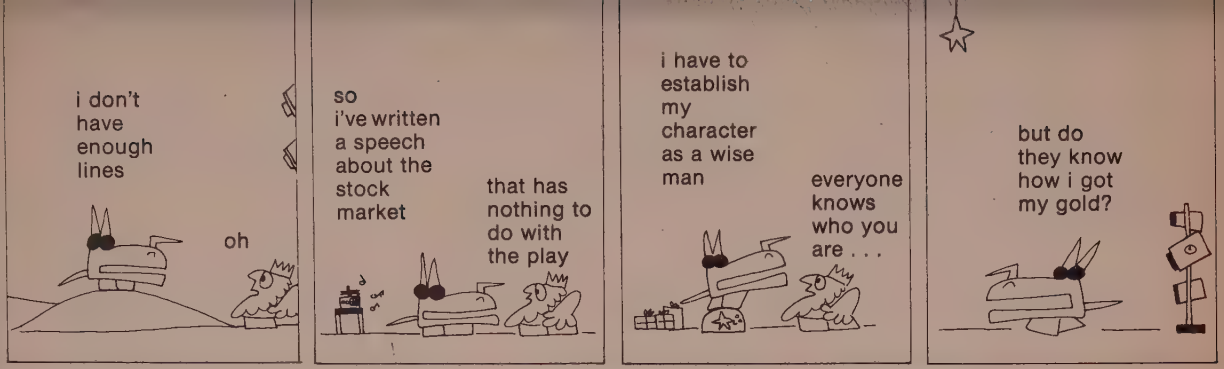
one more day of no mail and i'll be forced to write a letter to my congressperson

some families hang up all the christmas cards they receive . . .

i guess i could have a one man show

© 1975 Doug Brunner

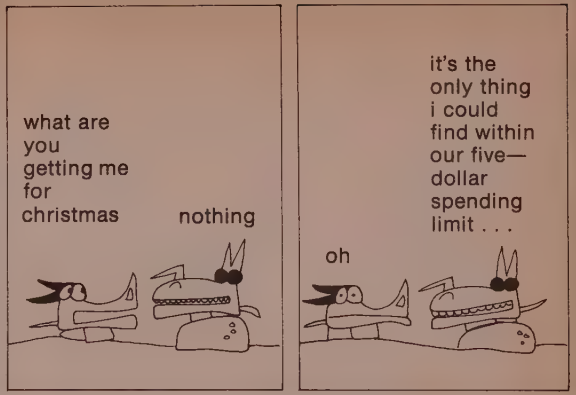
i'll be glad to be in the nativity play . . .
but i want $1,000 and two percent of the box office
raymond, this is a celebration play
i guess i'm a visionary
i see the commercial possibilities
the play needs some rewriting
where?
people can't identify with donkeys and stables today
i see a couple in a '64 valiant without reservations at a ramada inn . . .

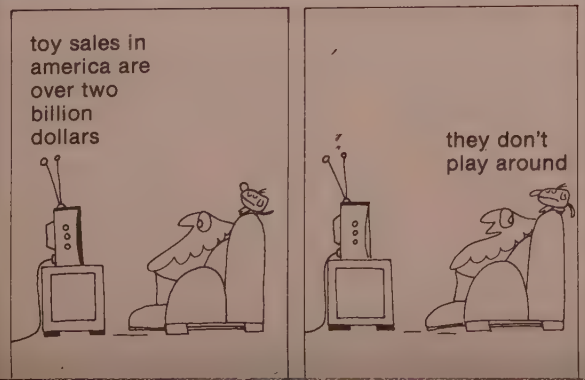

i don't have enough lines
oh
so i've written a speech about the stock market
that has nothing to do with the play
i have to establish my character as a wise man
everyone knows who you are . . .
but do they know how i got my gold?

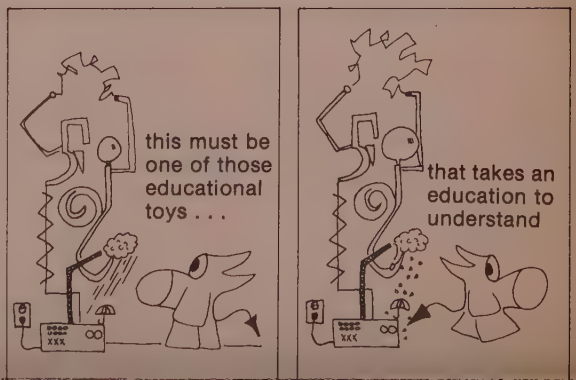
if i'm the wise man who brings jesus a gift of gold . . .
i'd like a few extra security guards

they call it an evergreen because it always stays green . . .
but notice they don't promise the green will stay on your tree . . .

i decided to go all out this christmas
i bought myself everything i've always wanted


what are you getting me for christmas
nothing
oh
it's the only thing i could find within our five—dollar spending limit . . .


toy sales in america are over two billion dollars
they don't play around


this must be one of those educational toys . . .
that takes an education to understand

do not open until christmas

to the x-ray machine with this one

did you invest yourself in my christmas present . . .

i certainly did

it took me hours to get the money out of dad

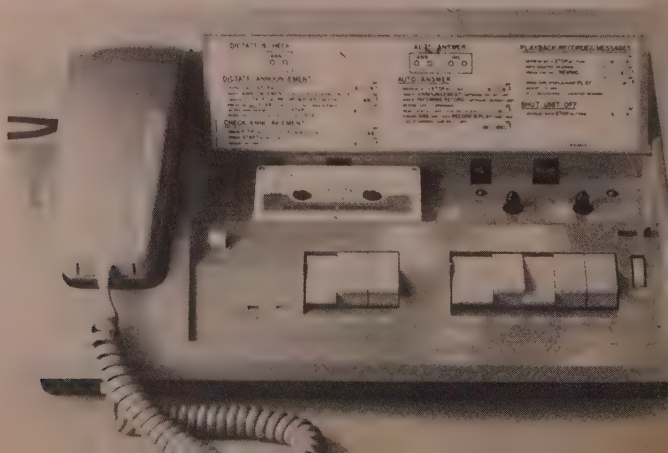
whenever i get a gift from helen i feel there are strings attached

Sharing Your Faith by Phone

Article by Sandra Goeke

Photos by Richard Behringer

Sue records a daily meditation.



Hello. You have just dialed Words of Faith.'" These words are familiar to the residents of the rural community surrounding Davis, Ill., who dial 865-5500. By doing so, they reach a recorded devotional message at St. Paul United Church of Christ, written and recorded by members of the Youth Fellowship.

It all started in February of 1974 when the Youth Fellowship members were talking about spreading the "Good News" and not just keeping it all to themselves. One of the ideas was to somehow use the telephone and recordings like the familiar dial-a-prayer services. The young people decided to try this, and with the approval of the church council, it was decided to rent the necessary equipment and install the separate telephone line required. The Youth Fellowship decided to pay the monthly telephone bills.

While waiting for the equipment to arrive, the Y.F. worked out the details for its use. Some of the members checked out other "dial-a-prayer" services, and found meditations were changed only weekly, or seemed too repetitive, using the same voice and themes. So the group accepted the challenge of writing enough meditations so they could be changed daily, and they decided that meditations should be written by different persons to give variety to the style of the messages.

The name, "Words of Faith," was chosen after careful consideration. The youth wanted to have a name different from ordinary daily devotions such as dial-a-prayer or dial-a-devotion. They felt that, first of all, the messages communicated are words expressing the writers' Christian faith. Second, the meditations are based on Scripture readings—Words of Faith. And finally, the group began and carries out the service on faith—faith that there will always be funds available for financing, faith that the youth will have inspiration to write "modern good news," and faith that people will respond with their own increased faith. The result was the name, "Words of Faith."

Originally the youth had hoped that "Words of Faith" could be reached by dialing letters that spelled out something like "God Loves." However, all the telephone numbers around Davis, Ill. must start out with 865-5, and the phone company suggested that 865-5500 would be the easiest to remember.

A few weeks prior to the installation of the equipment, the youth group practiced writing meditations. "Writing meditations," said Jean Bechtold, a youth group

---

Ms. Goeke of Davis, Ill., is in her first year at Illinois State Normal University and is active at St. Paul United Church of Christ, where Rev. Richard L. Behringer, the photographer, is minister.

member, "provides an excellent opportunity to examine Scriptures, and then develop them into a short message that will reach many people." One of the suggestions given to the young people was to begin with a verse from the Bible; then to have three people write a meditation together based on the passage. Rev. Richard Behringer, the church pastor, instructed the small groups to first find out everything possible about the verse chosen: when was it written, for whom was it originally intended, and what the original situation was. Then the group could begin to consider what the passage might mean to people today.

"Writing messages pertaining to the Scripture helps you understand the meaning of the Bibl more," said Salley Goeke, anoth er Y.F. member. "It's very reward ing to know that other peopl benefit from the meditations w write."

The record number of call always come during nighttime thunderstorms!

"Finding verses for the medita tions is so hard," added Patt Meinert, "that I finally starte reading the Bible cover-to-cove in hope of finding some verses.

The telephone equipment wa installed during the last week o March, 1974. It consists of on regular telephone line, but rathe than going to a telephone, it wa

"You have just dialed Words of Faith. Today the Scripture reading is from the Last Supper of Jesus. (Matthew 26:26) It reads, 'As they were eating, Jesus took bread.' Jesus took bread—he did not take a sword or some weapon to cut down his enemies, or to win the world. While his enemies were plotting to murder him, he took bread in *his* hand. Alexander the Great and Caesar each took swords and soldiers to make for themselves kingdoms and pos tions of leadership. By contras Jesus came as the Prince o Peace in a kingdom not of th world. On that night Jesus wa betrayed. He did not take a pen o pencil into his hand to use for th news media, to gain public su port, or to spread propaganda in campaign to become popular o to win an election. He depende more on his love rather tha manipulation. On the night Jesu

ooked up to an electronic relay hich activates a recording de- ce. The recording can be as long s three minutes.

Shortly thereafter the Y.F. embers got into the habit of athering on Thursday evenings the church to write meditations. oung people on that night can e found sprawled on the floor, tting on the lawn, or huddled in a assroom discussing their parti- ular Scripture. Usually at least ne week's meditations are writ- n and then recorded on an rdinary cassette tape recorder. hese recordings are then trans- rred, one a day, to the "Words of aith" tape.

"Words of Faith" averages 125 alls a day. "It's a terrific way to et the Word across to all people," Judy Toelke said with enthusiasm. The majority of calls come before nine in the morning and after ten at night. As of yet, a phenomenon that cannot be fully explained is that the record number of calls always comes during a nighttime thunderstorm! Another interesting occurance is the regularity of the calls that come precisely the same time every day. The calls come mainly from the community. However one of the college students in the church has told of calling from Milwaukee. The pastor read in a church paper about someone who called from New York.

In addition to the responsibilities of writing the meditations and preparing the tapes, the Youth Fellowship pays the monthly

as betrayed, Jesus took bread— ot a sword to conquer people, fute and convince them, but ommon ordinary bread, with hich to feed the people. Bread an be a symbol of friendship and e. Jesus came to make all eople, even enemies, his friends. ore than just feeding them with ead, Jesus gives the bread of e, bread from heaven, bread of uth, and love that will satisfy unger for the deeper inner needs of our life. Jesus was betrayed on that night, but his body, dying on the cross, became broken and shared with us, just like the bread he broke and shared with his disciples—his body broken for us that we might gain real life. Let us pray. Oh God, we give you thanks for sending Jesus to live among us. We pray that we might always remember his sacrifice for us by following his example in doing your will. Amen."

telephone bill. Donations are never solicited, not even on the tape recordings. Once when the Youth Fellowship treasury dwindled, the group had a bake sale at a shopping center in Freeport, Ill. This past year, the church board has told the group they would help with the funding if necessary. However, the group feels since it is their project, they should take full responsibility of all expenses.

So far, very little money has been used for promotion of this project. The printing of small cards telling about the project and including the number was donated. A Freeport radio station, WACI, occasionally gives the project a plug as a public service announcement. The *Freeport Journal Standard* did a photo essay on the project. And a few dollars were spent last June, 1974, on making a prize-winning float for the local "Davis Days" parade, an annual event held in Davis. At present some members of the Youth Fellowship are considering various ways of printing and distributing a poster promoting "Words of Faith."

The group has complete backing of the project from members of the congregation. Cheryl Neidermeier, a youth leader, believes, "'Words of Faith' is a great way for studying the Bible by applying the words to today's world. Also it is a great way for the youth to share

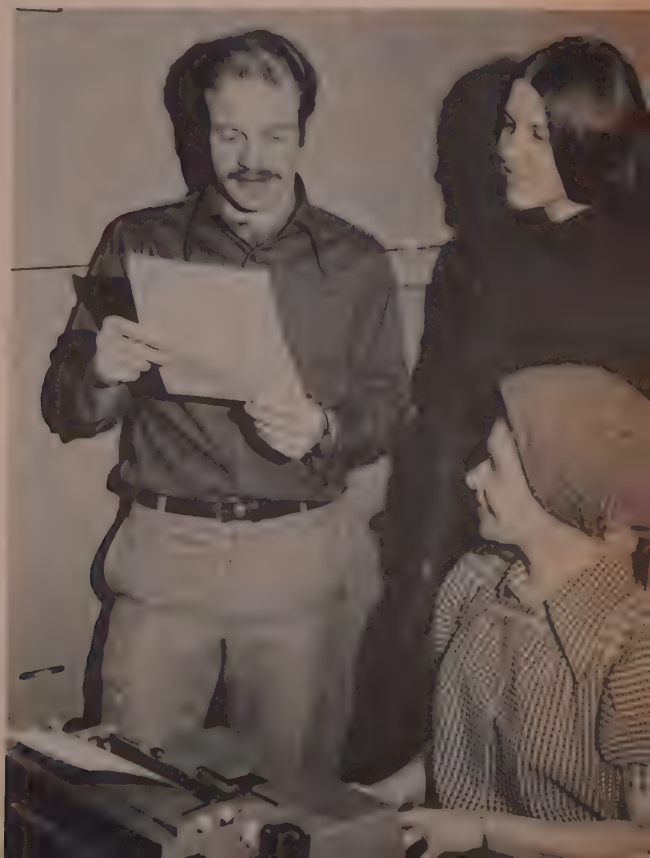
"It's very rewarding to know that others benefit from the meditations we write."

their faith with the community. Members feel it is a source o training and learning about th Bible and the faith it expresses Elder members compliment th youth for the encouraging word the meditations give them. frequent caller says, "It's a grea way for youth to understand th verses they pick for their medita tion. Occasionally someone tel the pastor how a particula message "spoke to them." H reports his surprise at the variet of people that tell him they calle "Words of Faith."

The youth, as a result of thi sharing project, have gained better understanding of the Bibl God's works, and an insight to th future that lies ahead of them They feel this project would neve have "gotten off the ground without God's guidance and con cern. It is through this great lov that members are willing an capable to bring spiritu messages to residents of North ern Illinois.

So the next time you feel lone or depressed and need encourag ing words, pick up the neare phone and dial "Words of Faith" 815-865-5500!

Tammy, Patti, and Pam (above) write a meditation, while (below) Merle, Jean and Sandra critique a new composition before typing it up.



"Give us free"

Traveling Exhibit of Black Artists Opens in Harlem

"Chains" is a multi-media dance-dramatization of the struggle of Africans against becoming slaves, as performed by the Chuck Davis Dance Company.

The event had all the fanfare of a big Broadway opening—T.V. cameras, fashionably-dressed people crowded wall-to-wall, a feast of champagne and tasty tidbits, and the hum of cultured critics discussing the performance of this artist and that one. And besides the art exhibit, there was an exciting dance group.

It was more than a social and an artistic event. It was an historic event. It was the first time in New York's Harlem that there was housed under one roof such a comprehensive art collection by the foremost black artists representing nearly 200 years of U.S. history. The place was the Studio Museum of Harlem. The time was last summer (July 16). The event was the world premiere of the Amistad II exhibit.

In the months ahead, this exhibit will be seen in such museums as the Brooks in Memphis and the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center and in such non-museum places as the Princeton University Chapel and other houses of worship. It is expected to make 20 one-month stops in its two-year nationwide tour.

The exhibit features paintings, prints, and sculptures by black U.S. artists dating from 1790 to 1975, plus documents of the historic Amistad incident. In 1839, 53 Africans on a Spanish slave ship, *La Amistad* (meaning *Friendship!*) rebelled at sea. Their attempt to return to Africa was foiled by the Spanish crew who secretly sailed the ship within U.S. waters where the Africans were captured. Cinque, son of an African chieftain, and his followers were jailed and tried for piracy and murder. "Give us free, give us free" was the plea of Cinque and the U.S. Supreme Court understood. In 1841 they were freed to return home.

David Driskell, head of the Department of Art at Fisk University, planned, designed, and selected all the works that have gone into the Amistad II exhibit of more than 75 artists, including Henry O. Tanner, Romare Beardon, Charles White, Elizabeth Catlett, Jacob Lawrence, Aaron Douglas, Hale Woodruff, and others. The project is backed by the United Church Board for Homeland Ministries and the affiliated American Missionary Association, with additional funding from the National Endowment for the Arts and the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration.

Companion piece to the exhibit is the dance-dramatization, "Chains," as performed by The Chuck Davis Dance Company and choreographed by Chuck Davis. Commissioned by the United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, "Chains" has become part of the dancers' repertoire of choreographic work highlighting major events in black history in America. "Chains" is a multi-media portrayal of the Amistad incident. It will be performed from coast to coast.

Joseph McMillan, chairman of the New York opening, said of the exhibit: "Amistad II is a celebration

for many growing out of the struggle of a few."

Grant Spradling, UCBHM consultant in the arts, said, "In the national awakening of aesthetic aspiration are potential elements for the renewal of our institutions. The Board, in seeing art as essential to a whole ministry, has long supported arts in society. This ministry has ranged from its helping found Affiliate Artists, Inc., and the Religious Communities, the Arts, and the American Revolution to sponsoring award-winning films, the Celebration Road Show, and Amistad II."

When Spradling asked the students at a seminary recently if they had any counsel for him, they responded that they want such aesthetic aspirations legitimized as part of the church's ministry. Amistad II is part of that ministry. □

Photos by Dave Tillyer

A painting of Cinque, leader of the Amistad rebellion, is discussed by Joseph McMillan, chairman of the New York opening, with W. A. Hotchkiss, a sponsor of the exhibit.

AMISTAD II

A Bicentennial celebration for all, inspired by the struggle of a few

Why are so many of us confused in a time when the best-trained minds seem capable of knowing all the answers? Has a poem, or a song, or a dramatic presentation ever suddenly struck you, "Ah-hah! That's it!"? As the crises of the 20th century develop, an increasing number of people are turning to the arts for the spiritual and human enrichment so sadly lacking in our technological, materialistic society. This intuitive reaching out for the arts—music, literature, film, dance, crafts, as well as the fine arts—has put us in the midst of an aesthetic revolution, and that revolution has been fueled, to a great extent, by the contribution of our ethnic minorities. As we as a nation increasingly experience alienation, frustration and despair, we are turning to America's ethnic sub-cultures, where experiences of suffering, deprivation, pride, joy, and religious fervor have been fundamental, and where the arts have remained incorporated into the whole life of the people. It is from these ethnic sub-cultures (notably Afro-American, Chicano and Native American) that much of America's cultural aesthetic vitality derives.

Amistad II is a traveling exhibit of Afro-American art, dating from 1790 to 1975. Nearly 100 original works of art, including paintings, collage, sculpture, prints and drawings, display the communicative power and spiritual strength of black artists throughout 185 years of U.S. history. These works, which will be shown in 20 states during the years 1975-1977, are human-centered, focusing repeatedly on people in everyday encounters, who have experiences and emotions with which it is possible to identify. They have an immediacy, which has its parallel in the improvisation of black music, which insists we deal with the present moment and the situation at hand, rather than drifting off into dreams of the future or fantasies of the past. They carry a thread of black consciousness in them which reaches back through the civil rights movement, the ghettoes, the life of slavery, to its African roots. They display the creative ingenuity of a people who, when slave masters deprived them of their time-honored cultural and religious arts from their African homeland, found ways of incorporating their own symbols and

identity into the mainstream arts—and crafts—of colonial America. (For instance, African wood carvers became skilled furniture makers and woodworkers, albeit slaves, in the U.S.) This improvisational genius, this ability to accommodate to difficult circumstances and to combine cultural elements from very different cultures, continues to manifest itself in the work of black artists today, as they express themselves out of their own black experience in America.

The Amistad II exhibit has been named after a key event in American history. In 1839, 53 Africans, who had been kidnapped from their native country, were herded on board *La Amistad,* a Spanish slave ship anchored off the coast of Cuba. Led by Cinque, son of an African chieftain, the Africans rebeled and made an effort to sail back to Africa with a remnant of the Spanish crew. The Spaniards, however, tricked them into sailing near Long Island, N.Y., where they were captured by U.S. officials and held as "cargo." Cinque and his followers were subsequently jailed and tried in U.S. courts for piracy and murder. Abolitionists immediately rushed to the aid of the Africans. After a prolonged search, an interpreter was found who could speak their native tongue, and who enabled them to tell their own story during nearly two years of court proceedings.

The incident itself created serious problems in international relations between the U.S. and Spain; domestically, Executive power threatened to overstep its Constitutional bounds; and eventually a former U.S. President, John Quincy Adams, argued the case before the U.S. Supreme Court. In 1841 the court ruled that the Africans were neither pirates nor slaves, and that they were entitled to their freedom. In early 1842, after several months of fund-raising, they returned to their native land.

While the unfortunate Africans were involved in lengthy court proceedings, a group of abolitionists formed the Amistad Committee for their defense and repatriation, and undertook to teach them English and convert them to Christianity. When the Africans returned to their home land, a mission was begun there, and many of them were actively involved with it for the remainder of their lives. In 1846, the Amistad Committee in the U.S. joined with a group of black freedmen to found the American Missionary Association (AMA). During the next century—throughout and after the Civil War—more than 500 educational institutions were formed throughout the South, under AMA auspices, which served the newly-freed slaves as well as people from other ethnic minorities. Still in existence today are Dillard University, Fisk University, Huston-Tillotson College, Le Moyne-Owen College, Talladega College, Tougaloo College and the Amistad Research Center which have cooperated in the deve

pment of the Amistad II exhibit.

Giving leadership to the Amistad II xhibit are: David Driskell, director; Grant Spradling, managing director; ames Buell, administrator; Richard leguas, national tour coordinator; nd Edward Grady, curator.

The art which is a part of the xhibit covers a wide range of styles s well as a broad spectrum of years. rom the serene landscapes of dward M. Bannister to the more raditional painting of Hale Woodruff nd Aaron Douglas to the surrealis- c offerings of Michael Borders to ne deeply individual expression of omare Bearden—this collection eflects the breadth and diversity of nuch of American art, while many of ne works retain the character of fro-American art. Accompanying ne exhibit are facsimile documents elated to the Amistad incident and nformation panels from black expe- ence in America.

Yet the main purpose of the xhibit is not to teach, but rather to rovide an opportunity for people to njoy, celebrate, and take in the esthetic riches of our heritage. It is n offering intended to feed people's ouls. As we prepare for the third entury of our nation's life, it is the oncentration on human beings, the iventiveness, and the conscious- ess of the meaning and satisfaction vailable to us—even in restricting rcumstances—which this art dis- ays that may help to lead the way in nding solutions for the difficult nes ahead. □

SHOE SHINE BOY, Richmond Barthe, Polychromed Plaster
Collection Fisk University

ELKS MARCHING, Malvin Gray Johnson, Oil on Board
Collection Fisk University

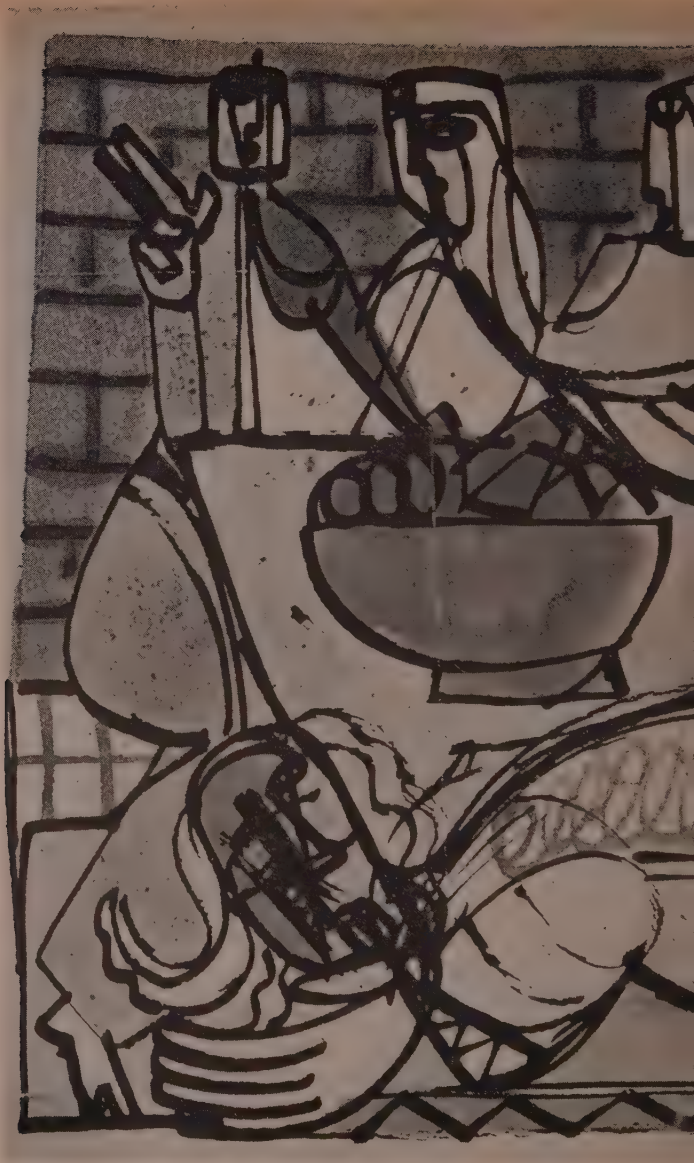
SEATED FIGURE Gregory Ridley, Marble

Collection Fisk University

THE BLACK WOMAN SPEAKS, Elizabeth Catlett, Spanish Cedar

Collection Mr. and Mrs. David C. Driskell

PORTRAIT OF A GIRL, Sargent Johnson, Conte Crayon
Collection Fisk University



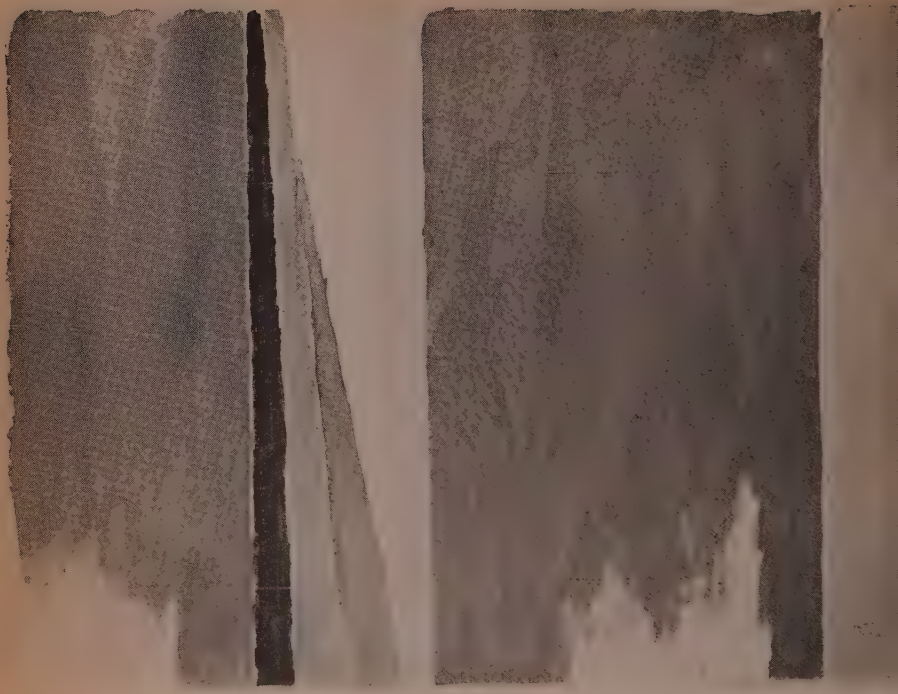
LAST SUPPER, Romare Bearden, Collage
Collection Fisk University

WOMAN WITH JUG, James A. Porter, Oil on Canvas
Collection Fisk University

XODUS, Charles White, Woodcut
llection Fisk University

THE HONEY MAN, Edwin A. Harleston, Oil on Canvas
Collection Mrs. John W. Work

EMPEROR JONES SERIES: DEFIANCE, Aaron Douglas, Linocut
Collection Fisk University



COMPOSITION 3, Alma Thomas, Water Color
Collection Fisk University

LANDSCAPE 1879, Edward M. Bannister, Oil on Canvas
Collection the Barnett Aden Gallery

RUE ST. MICHEL, Lois M. Jones, Oil on Canvas
Collection Fisk University

© 1975 United Church Press

BUILDERS, Jacob Lawrence, Serigraph
Collection Fisk University

What makes the Bible an authority for today?

INSIDE THE BIBLE
A series by Frank H. Seilhamer

How can a book like the Bible, which in some parts is thousands of years old, still have any relevance or meaning for us today? Why should we consider it more important than any other book, and why is it that it is still so central a factor in the lives of many Christians?

Every person interprets and understands anything she or he reads on the basis of their own personal experience in life, their own faith assertions, and their estimation of the value of the material they are engaging. The authority of the Bible as a "piece of literature" varies, therefore, from one person to another, just as would any other volume.

Every word is the Word. For some people, the Bible in their hands is the ultimate authority for their existence, because in it they believe that God is speaking directly to them. Every word on the page before them was written at the direction of God, who dictated it to the original writer. Nothing was added to the text, they believe, by the human author in any way. Hence, they affirm the Bible literally, in every word, to be the work of the Holy Spirit who directed it personally onto the page.

All Scripture is the Word. Other people believe that all Scripture is "inspired by God," and in saying that, believe that everything contained in the Scriptures was written by people motivated by the Lord to record what they had learned of God in life. But such people do not understand the Bible to be literally, or word-by-word, inspired or dictated by the Lord. Even though for these people, as for those mentioned above, the Bible is authoritative, that authority comes and holds its power in a different way. It does not rest upon a verbally-inspired text. Nevertheless, through the text which they have in their hands, God makes God's will known to those who study the words in the "Word." Both of these groups of people believe that there **is** a God, and that God intends to communicate with the persons God created through the pages of this holy book. In the most powerful way, the Lord does this communication through the Bible. Through the recorded words God's directions for their life styles and destinies are made available for their guidance. These directions, therefore, have an authority for interpreting and shaping existence unmatched by any other document.

Truth is the Word. Still others who profess that the Bible has authority for them hold a

---

This is the tenth in a series of articles on the Bible, based on questions asked by our readers and answered by Dr. Frank H. Seilhamer, President and Professor of Old Testament, Hamma School of Theology, Wittenberg University, Springfield, O.

different view of how and why it has a place of high priority. The Bible for them is an authority because, as they compare it to life as they live it, they see that the text gives advice and directions which are borne out as true in their personal experience. Therefore, the authority of the Bible is based upon its accurate perception of life. At points where there seem to be differences between the advice given by the Scriptures and a "workability" of those prescriptions in day-to-day existence, they feel free to discard that portion of the text which appears to be in conflict with "reality."

Nevertheless, in one way or another, all three of these positions affirm that the Bible has authority for them. But, what a wide range of how that authority is derived and applied separates each of those positions from the others!

Writers inspired. I **personally** believe that the Scripture is indeed the inspired word of God. That does not mean, however, that I am a biblical literalist. I do **not** think that every word of the Bible which we have at our disposal was dicated by the Lord. I am convinced, however, that the Holy Spirit working through human beings moved and enlightened each to write about their encounters with God, and that God acted to have those records

Ever since the earliest text appeared, God has reached through the Bible to touch persons and make them aware of God's presence

transmitted to future generation so that through those "words God could speak to them person ally and directly. The Bible itsel says that all Scripture is inspired The Greek word we translat "inspired" simply means "to b enwinded." "All Scripture is in spired by God and profitable fo teaching, for reproof, for correc tion, and for training in righteous ness" (2 Timothy 3:16). The roo word is **pneuma**, "wind," th sense of which is still preserve for us in English in the ter "pneumatic tire," i.e., a tire that i blown up with air. Precisely wha we are to make of this ter "inspired," therefore, is very har to peg down, and hence variou opinions continue to exist as t just how God acted to get th Word into "print" for you and fo me! Nevertheless, Christians con tinue to declare that the words o the Bible are not just like th words of any other book. Thoug variously viewed and evaluate the words of the Scriptures carr

a great deal of weight with the people of the Christian tradition. Through its pages God draws near to communicate in ways that can shape and change our lives.

The original word. Unfortunately, none of the original manuscripts of the Bible have yet been discovered by us. What we have on hand at present are texts that have been passed down from one copyist to the other for several thousand years. Though we have evidence that the original biblical texts have been transmitted to us very carefully by scribes throughout these centuries, unfortunately no two copies of these ancient manuscripts of any book of the Bible which exist at this time are identical. This being the case, when making translations of the Bible into modern languages, we often have difficulty deciding which of these varying ancient manuscripts we should accept as we translate the authoritative Word of the Scriptures. What we have tended to do in every biblical translation is to take these differing manuscripts and use verses from one of them to fill in the information that another copy of the text before us may lack. In doing that we are, in fact, producing a new text of the Bible ourselves! The result of this effort is called an **eclectic** text, i.e., a text made up of portions of various manuscripts, each of which is only partially complete in and of itself. For all of the drawbacks which this process has in it, it does have the benefit of providing us with translations of the Bible that are as complete as the information on hand makes possible.

Nothing can compare. What is often surprising to me is that many people who hold that the Bible is to be their ultimate authority are unaware of the difficulties involved in making available to them the text that is the guiding force for their being. Nevertheless, the Bible has been accepted as the supreme authority by hundreds of **millions**, not hundreds of **thousands**, of people on every inhabited continent on the face of the earth for more than 3000 years. Ever since the earliest biblical text first appeared, individuals have had God reach through them to touch them personally and make them aware of God's presence. The prescriptions and insights into life which those Scriptures contain have not only been shown by experience to be valid, but they have given hope, courage, strength and confidence to **face life** with eager expectations rather than **despair**. I know of no other "book" that has had that kind of impact on the history of the world as well as those who people it! □

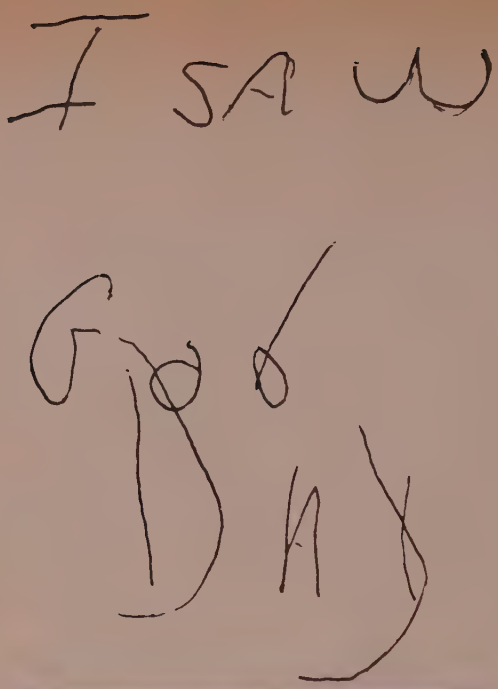


Photo by Bruce Amen

To reassure his parents, Paul Dalmau scratched the above message to his father after his seven-hour surgery.

I SAW GOD, DAD

By Paul Dalmau
As told to Carol Amen

I woke with a start, trying to get my bearings. My cousin Shaun, just-turned-15, and I, a few weeks younger, had backpacked in that day in 1972 and pitched our tent on a remote stretch of Santa Cruz County beach in California. After dinner and swapping ghost stories, we heard the nine o'clock news and drifted off to sleep. Some minutes later I pinpointed what had wakened me—a loose tent flap—and stumbled outside to fix it.

Because of the deep ravine we were in, the moon wasn't visible. It was so dark I only saw Shaun vaguely for an instant. If I had known he was holding the 410 shotgun or that he thought I was a prowler, I would have called out and identified myself. It happened in seconds.

The shotgun blast knocked me against the wall. Then I hit ground with pain like a fire inside. Somehow I stood up and screamed, "Oh, my God. You shot me."

I fell back into the tent. Shaun was hysterical at first. It had been his idea to bring along the 410 and a rifle because he said bird hunting was good there. This was his territory. My home is near San Francisco Airport.

Neither of us had an inkling of what lay ahead—for Shaun, a mental hell; for me, a physical one.

After a bit Shaun carefully laid a sleeping bag over me. "Don't worry," he said, "I'll get you out of here even if I have to carry you."

In his swim trunks and barefooted, Shaun ran off to get help. Though I was alone, I pleaded out loud over and over. "I don't want to die. Somebody help me, please."

That was the start of the long wait, and the pain. The police later estimated I'd been hit from a distance of four feet, maybe less. Blowing a three-inch hole in my abdomen a couple inches above my navel, the trajectory of a full load of shot from the three-inch chamber destroyed my spleen, one quarter of my liver, made a three-inch hole in my diaphragm, took one third of my left lung, made two separate three-inch holes in my stomach, then proceeded out below my left shoulder blade, taking one-half of a rib with it.

Assuming a pre-natal position, I felt myself rolling and moaning, but couldn't stop it. It was so hard to breathe. Fire inside and blood choking me. Once, as I vomited

---

Carol Amen is a West Coast free-lance writer whose works have appeared in many religious publications.

and rolled at the same time, I got a mouthful of sand. I don't know what I was thinking. The time just passed—on and on. There were only two or three very short periods when I lost consciousness.

After maybe an hour something very strange happened. I became aware that everything was awfully still. Quiet. No trees moving, not even the sound of the waves any more. And my pain and moaning stopped. Suddenly my right arm sort of floated up in the air like it was being lifted. I looked up and saw a figure. At first I supposed it was someone come to rescue me. He took my hand and held it suspended and kind of supported above me. I couldn't understand what was happening. "Son, you'll be all right," he said. "You'll be okay." Then he was gone and my arm dropped down.

Immediately my pain was back worse than ever and I was moaning again. But I remembered what I'd seen and heard. I'm not a religious person—haven't gone to church or Sunday school since I was about seven; but as soon as he disappeared, I knew it was God. I can't tell you what he looked like. It was most definitely a man's voice, but I can't describe any particular quality or sound. I just know I saw God. He was quite specific in what he told me. I would survive.

Finally, after probably another hour, I heard, "Son, are you still alive?" A big man with a badge crouched over me. I heard Shaun screaming, "Let me see him. Is he all right?"

It was quite a trip to the hospital—first up the side of the cliff in a basket, then across broccoli fields on top of a rescue unit truck, and finally the last lap by ambulance with the wonderful oxygen helping me breathe.

At the hospital I saw Shaun's folks first. Santa Cruz County General Hospital is only a few blocks from their home while my folks had to drive 50 miles. When my Mom and Dad arrived and ran into the room where they were taking X-rays of me, I reached for Mom's hand and told them, "It wasn't Shaun's fault. Don't worry. I'm gonna be all right."

In spite of the seven-hour operation, I seemed to come out of the anesthetic very fast. Though I had a catheter in my nose, a big respirator tube down my throat, a blood transfusion going in my left arm and another intravenous in my right, I was alert. They called my parents into the Intensive Care Unit and I held my mother's hand again.

I wanted so bad to tell them what had happened, but with that tube in my throat it was impossible. I must have acted quite agitated because the head nurse undid my right arm and gave me a pad and pencil. I wrote: *I saw*

"Though I was alone, I pleaded out loud over and over, 'I don't want to die. Somebody help me, please!'"

God, Dad.

I knew my folks needed to realize what God had told me. During the next 18 days I doubted only once.

There were two more operations, not counting the tracheotomy. After the second surgery, they left the incision open so they could treat the peritonitis. Because of one crisis after another, the doctors were pessimistic. Sometimes, through the morphine, I heard them saying they must prepare my parents, because it was just a matter of time. If God hadn't promised me, I know this negative talk would have dragged me down, but I believed! They could say what they wanted. I *knew* there was no point in thinking of death.

Lots of things that happened defied explanation. Because of the loss of my spleen and trauma to my system, I had no natural resistance to fight off the peritonitis. For about nine days my temperature spiked up to 106° and my abdomen stretched as big as a really pregnant woman's. An antibiotic they feared to use, because of its high risk side effects, eased the infection with no damage to my blood. Worst of all was the positive/negative pressure machine which forced air into my collapsed lung. That hurt, but the doctors explained how important it was, so I tried not to complain.

The nurses decided I was developing a "stress ulcer" from keeping my emotions bottled up. They kept hoping I'd blow my stack. Communication was difficult. People either had to read my lips or my notes, and sometimes the morphine made my writing illegible. I knew nothing about the stress ulcer, but one day I felt low. When Mom walked in, I started to cry. "Why me?" I lip-spoke. "Oh God, why?"

Right away Mom said, "You said yourself it was an accident. God didn't do this to you." Apparently those were exactly the words I needed to hear. I had gotten it out of my system and the nurses relaxed.

After that moment on the beach, there was just one time when I thought I was going to die. When I got dizzy during a treatment, I fell back against the bed and accidently poured milk down my tracheotomy tube. The nurse had just turned her back to walk away. Unable to talk, I knew I was drowning. It was a terribly helpless sensation. I grabbed the bedrails and rattled them like crazy. She spun, saw me, and

threw the suction tube down my trach. This saved my life.

Though the doctors and nurses were wonderful, my gratitude to the hospital chaplain, Fred B. Whale, goes beyond description. Mom and Dad gained such strength from him and he helped me sort out my thinking about the accident. He never preached or said it was "God's will" or anything like that. Instead he asked questions, and I had plenty of time to search for answers. I really grew to love him.

I guess the worst hurdle was kicking the morphine. When I begged the doctor to stop the shots, he agreed they were addicting, but said I didn't realize the extent of my injuries and that I needed pain killers.

He showed me a recent X-ray of my chest with a whole parade of buckshot in it. (With a magnifying glass, examining a film taken shortly before leaving the hospital, I counted over 120 pellets remaining in my chest.) When the doctor explained the nature and location of the damage, I was amazed my heart hadn't been hurt. "You can try it without the morphine," the doctor said, "but in a few hours, Paul, you're going to be begging for a shot."

In four hours the sweat poured off me, yet I was freezing cold. The nurses piled on covers and still I couldn't get warm. I sweat so much two guys had to lift me up on a blanket while the nurses changed the bed every so often. The doctor was right about the pain. It was bad. And so was the withdrawal. For two and a half days I sweated and froze but never took another shot of morphine. Soon after I got out of intensive care and into a room of my own, the doctor told Mom I was "tough" and would make it. Until then he hadn't dared to hope.

Then, of course, there's Shaun. He probably suffered as much with his battle over remorse and guilt as I did physically. The police held him in jail all that first night questioning him until they were satisfied it was an accidental shooting. Even so, his self-punishment was far rougher than any judge's sentence.

While I was on the critical list Mom stayed at Shaun's folks' house. After each trip to the hospital, she said she would speak first to Shaun because she knew he needed a special kind of reassurance. Once, following surgery, I asked to talk to Shaun so I could tell him about seeing God. I didn't want him to worry. But when he came to the hospital I was so zonked out on morphine I can't remember a word we said.

Over and over people kept quizzing him, "Why, Shaun? Why the guns?" And to me they'd say, "I bet you hate your cousin now." I really don't know why we took the

"With one crisis after another, the doctors were pessimistic, but I knew there was no point in thinking of death."

guns, because backpacking has always interested me more than birdhunting. If it hadn't been for that Presence on the beach I probably would have carried a terrible grudge against Shaun. But I don't. What does it matter now *why* or *how* he happened to shoot me? It was an accident. It's over.

Recently Shaun and I spent a weekend together and it was almost like it used to be between us. Just give us a little more time.

Partly I feel unchanged, yet I know there are ways I'm different. I used to do a lot of things without thinking. Now I consider the consequences more. I have a deeper awareness of and can talk to God any time, even when I'm doing ordinary things like working on my motorcycle. Communication improved in our whole family, but especially between Mom and me.

When I first came home, my two dogs, Brandy and Leo, didn't know me. Maybe I smelled like medicine, but for three days they totally rejected me. Then, the fourth morning, I heard a lot of commotion out on the patio and when I went to see what it was, Brandy just threw himself at me, wagging and slobbering, and Leo jumped for joy.

A few mornings later, after a rain, I took both dogs for a walk. We were having a ball. The sun made everything sparkly and it was about the best I ever felt in my life. I nearly died twice, I thought, yet here I am, *alive,* in this beautiful world. I prayed I would never take the gift of life for granted. □

Paul and his mother after his recovery.

TOUCH and GO

Fantastic
YOUTH is still fantastic and I've taken copies to school and most of the kids there think it's great too! So keep up the good work! —R. H., Evansville, Ind.

Hours of Pleasure
YOUTH Magazine has provided me with many enjoyable hours of reading. Thank you very much for a fine magazine.
—J. D., Topeka, Kans.

Celebrating the Road Show
We were very impressed with the article in the June issue of YOUTH on the Celebration Road Show.
—D. M., Fall River, Mass.

Try It—You'll Like It!
I want to thank Scott Witte for writing the article about hang gliding in your June issue. I enjoyed reading it and will have to try the sport sometime. I also love reading the cartoons by Doug Brunner!
—R. W., La Harpe, Ill.

Native American Facts
Being a Cherokee Indian, I naturally am concerned about my people. I have always wanted to learn more about the American Indian. My parents always tried to teach me, but they died early. I have now been adopted by a non-Indian family. I am doing a report on the American Indian and I need some material on the Indian teenagers and Indians in general. I want my whole school to know about the Indians, my people, the truth. Please send me a copy of the November 1973 issue of YOUTH. —K. S., Indianapolis, Ind.

Keep On
Please wish Doug Brunner the best o luck. And keep up the good work, YOUTH Magazine! You're fantastic!
—P. P., Harvard, Ne

Overseas Sees Us
The girls I work with here enjoy gettin magazines from the States and they wer very impressed with YOUTH Magazine We have a fine inter-church group for th English-speaking kids here, so you magazine meets the needs of severa groups. —L. L., Shatin, Hong Kon

Not Christ-Centered?
I have just become a minister and hav read my first two issues of YOUTH. M evaluation is in agreement with the letter i the September issue entitled "Not Christ centered." I think your magazine is a poo excuse for a "Christian" magazine, fo youth or otherwise.

The best article in your September issu is "What Does 'Have You Been Saved Mean?" I am in agreement with its concl sion that salvation affects the who person. However, there is no way that young person reading that article cou find answers to the questions, "Saved fro what? Saved for what? Why do I nee salvation? How can I be saved?" Th literature which we as a Christ-centere and Bible-believing church wish to place the hands of our young people is th which will lead them to salvation from t penalty and effect of sin and a life pleasi to God and to themselves through Jes Christ. —E. C., Little York,

what's coming

Resourceful
We would be very happy to distribute some of your literature at our Midwest Lutheran Youth Gathering. We find YOUTH Magazine a great resource and excellent reading.
—S. O., Minneapolis, Minn.

Terrific
Please send us your brochure on how to use YOUTH Magazine as a program resource for our young people. We enjoy the material you offer in this terrific magazine. This is one magazine our young people as well as us older ones too, really read and enjoy and benefit from.
—J. H., Vermilion, O.

Let's See a Poll
It would be interesting to know the result of a poll of how many youth read your magazine. I have three and none of them care about it enough to take it out of the envelope. Your company would fold if it were left to the kids to order your magazine. —Unsigned

A Letter Reader Writes . . .
I thoroughly enjoy the issues of YOUTH magazine that I have read, especially the "Touch and Go" section. Your cartoons are funny and most of the interviews and articles are very interesting.
—C. T., Lorton, Va.

Positive Support
I am glad to see the articles in YOUTH that are most positive in their approach to the youth of today. —K. C., Louisville, Ky.

1976 Calendar
What new way to keep tabs on your day-to-day living will YOUTH Magazine come up with next?

Violence in films
"The Godfather" boosted the profits of violence, disaster movies followed, and then came "The Exorcist" and "Jaws."

It's hard to grow up
Today's world seems to have queer ideas about what it means to be a teenager—at least that's what teens report to us.

Were their parents spies?
The Meeropol brothers were small children when the execution of their parents caused international protests. Today these two young men are challenging secrecy in government, as symbolized by their parents' case.

The Bible Alive
Unless it makes sense to you, the Word of God has a hard time becoming flesh and influencing your life.

Hagar the Horrible
The cartoonist-creator of "Hi and Lois" and "Hagar" discusses his work with his son, also an accomplished cartoonist.

Hunger in Brazil

THE ANSWER IS JUSTICE

By Jeanette Good

Jeanette Good

The author in Brazil during her year's study. Now she attends Yale University Divinity School, New Haven, Conn.

I wanted to learn for myself. So I went to the Northeast of Brazil in order to study the social-economic situation of this extremely poor area of the Third World. I was fortunate to be able to study for one year under an International Graduate District Rotary Scholarship. What I saw there moves me to share my concern with you.

The Northeast of Brazil has been labeled by *Time* Magazine as *the* "hunger crisis area" of our whole hemisphere. The magnitude of suffering of the poor masses of this area is tremendous. And because I could not help from seeing, feeling, hearing and tasting the misery of so many helpless victims of an unjust society, I began to seek the truth of the real social-economic situa-

UNICEF Photo

One-year-old Leci de Assis was brought by her 18-year-old mother to a rehydration clinic in Recife when the baby suffered from living for several months on sugar water only.

UNICEF Photo

During a food shortage, each mother gets her ration of dried milk. Vitamins are also dispensed and careful records kept.

UNICEF Photo

Milk hour is observed daily in public schools. Dried milk powder is mixe with hot water. Often sugar or chocolate is added for flavor, extra nourishment.

"Perhaps we can aid the salvation of the poor suffering masses of the world only by making them our own personal concern."

tion facing 70 percent of the Northeastern Brazilian population who live in dire misery.

"Salvation of mankind lies only in making everything the concern of all," said Alexander Solzhenitsyn in his great speech, "A Word of Truth." And perhaps we can only aid the salvation of the poor suffering masses of our world by making them our own concern—living with them, talking with them in the streets, in buses, in markets; visiting with them in their homes . . . entering into the most personal parts of their lives, uniting with them in their daily struggles, turmoils, frustrations and hopes that one day they will be able to say . . . "Thy kingdom has come on earth as well as in heaven."

My first contact with the Northeast of Brazil was through a book, *An explosive Zone—the Northeast of Brazil*, written by the famed doctor and economist of Recife, Pernambuco, Josue de Castro. This doctor who identified with his people through their hardships, and human exploitations describes their struggle for human equality and dignity in most beautiful and biblical terms. One could not help from loving the poor peasants whom he describes telling how they unionized back in 1955 on the domaine called "Galilee," not for higher wages, but rather for the right to a wooden casket for burial—"Happy are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Dom Helder Camara, Archbishop of Olinda-Recife, was quoted in this same book as saying, "The scandal does not reside in the infiltration of communism but rather in the lack of Christian infiltration." The great revolutionary in the Northeast of Brazil is not the communist, but rather the "True Christian." It is the "True Christian" who lives and preaches the great revolutionary doctrine of old and new, the doctrine of human equality, justice and communal love. Unfortunately, the great humanistic and Christian leaders of Brazil, past and present, such as Dom Helder Camara, Paulo Freire, and Josue de Castro have been comfortably labeled by the economic elite as communists, although what they preach and live are the fundamentals of Christianity. Any person of conscience, who witnesses the injustices, the lack of human love, and the lack of human concern and who knows that only the

correction of these wrongs will lead to the salvation of all people, could rightly ask herself or himself if Christ were to land on the pure white beaches of the Northeast of Brazil if he would not also appear in the eyes of the economic elite as the greatest subversive and threat of all!

The human misery, suffering, poverty and hopelessness of 70 percent of the Northeastern population is astounding. Day after day one sees children dying of hunger in the local children's hospital, day after day one gives bread to the many hungry children who knock at the doors of those who have. However, knocking in our often un-Christian society does not always mean that one will receive. Night after night one can see the abandoned children stretched out miserably on a sidewalk asleep. God thank thee for sleep which comes to the suffering poor as well as to the rich. Day after day another child at the age of ten enters the prostitution profession, a profession which may guarantee her against starvation, but a profession which will not guarantee her against venereal disease.

With the passage of time I began to ask WHY? Why are some people so wealthy, while others, the vast majority, can find no jobs and live in un-human misery? Since 1964 when the military dictatorship had its "coup d'etat" the military regime declared it to be illegal to strike. The worke who receives the minimum wag is making at the most only 2 cents per hour with costs of livin comparable to those costs in ou own country. Nearly 50 percent o the active population in the Nor theast of Brazil is unemployed Because of the social miser throughout Brazil 40 million peo ple, or 40 percent of the Brazilia population of 100 million, hav inactive tuberculosis. In the suga zone of the Northeast 20 percen of the children are born with brai damage caused by malnutrition Each year in Brazil one millio children die between the age o one and four. Only 29 percent o the principal areas in Brazil have drainage system and more tha half of the population does no have adequate hygiene or san tary conditions. For those wh can see, this is the reality of 7 percent of the Northeastern pop ulation and perhaps the reality o two-thirdsof our world populatio who live in sub-human cond tions.

Before going to Brazil I ha read about the Brazilian econom ic miracle, her great economi boom which has shown growth i the gross national product of 5 percent over the past five year With such an increase in econon ic power one would hope to see bettering of the social condition of 70 percent of the people. Bu

"Every night one can see abandoned children asleep on the sidewalks. Thank God that sleep comes to the poor as well as to the rich."

unfortunately, this has not been the case. Brazil under its military dictatorship which benefits 30 million of its 100 million population dreams of becoming a world economic power. However, she is striving to her great goal and dream on the backs of 70 million who unfortunately are being exploited, kept in ignorance of their condition, and fed propaganda that their condition is far better than it was ten years ago. However, propaganda of a great Brazil, of a rich Brazil does not and will not cure the hunger pains

Jeanette Good

Because they cannot own their own land, or earn too low a salary, or have no job at all, 70 percent of the population do not have enough money to buy food to live properly.

UNICEF Photo

Better food and better housing are their greatest needs, but this hand-made "walker" helps a Recife baby take its first steps and make life a trifle brighter.

of those who suffer.

Seeing all of this, I began to ask myself really what development is and what it should be. It became evident to me that the development presently taking place in the Northeast of Brazil is almost purely economic, benefiting a minority. Little emphasis is being shown for human development which would better the social institutions, encourage mass primary education, city water systems, health and mental health programs, a more just economic system, and promote a true land

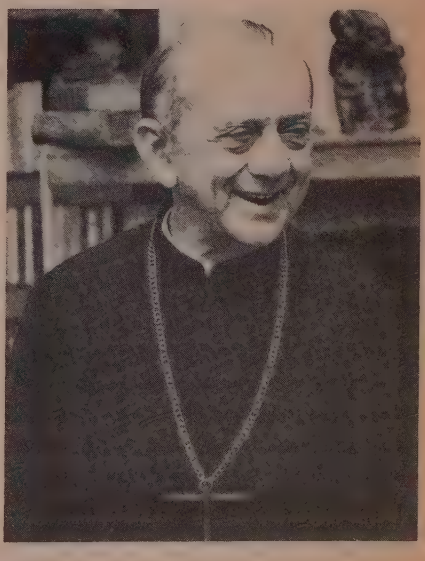
"The great revolutionary in the Northeast is the 'True Christian' who lives and preaches the doctrine of human equality and justice."

reform. The present development program in the Northeast of Brazil appears to be in actual function economically benefiting the top 30 percent of the population whose gross product increased during the past ten years, and not as one would hope, benefiting the majority of the population—that 70 percent of the population whose economic and social conditions are indeed worse than they were ten years ago.

What good is the present development if 70 percent of the population is in a worse situation than before? In recent years much technology has been imported into the industrial sectors of the Northeast of Brazil. It must be remembered that when nearly 50 percent of the active population is unemployed in the Northeast of Brazil, the imported technology creates more unemployment.

Outside of Recife, the capital city of the Northeast, there is an industrial park called "Paulista." A factory in "Paulista" employed 12,000 people ten years ago before the massive importation of technology. Today with technology—perhaps the factory is producing more—but 11,000 people lost their jobs. The machine replaced the person. Women and men were in function of the economy benefiting a minority, and the economy was not in function of women and men benefiting a majority of the people. What type of development is this?

The reason that hunger is prevalent in the Northeast of Brazil is not primarily because of natural causes nor because of the lack of food production. Most



Wide World Photo

A hero among Brazil's poor is the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Olinda-Recife, Dom Helder Camara.

people die of hunger because they do not have the economic capacity to buy food. If 50 percent of a population has no income, and if the government provides no "welfare program," the population is destined to suffer of hunger. One may then ask if that 50 percent of the population cannot find factory work, why it does not start farming on small plots of land? In Brazil in 1975, 75 percent of the population has no land—no equitable land reform has taken place—and apparently the government which benefits the other 25 percent of the population forsees no such reform. Thus hunger in the Northeast of Brazil is not a purely natural cause, as some people would like us to believe, but rather it is often caused by human inequities and injustices. The 70 percent of the population—because of low salaries ($1.50 per day or less), loss of jobs caused by imported technology, no hope of farming one's own land because no land reform has as yet taken place—no longer have the economic capacity to buy food at the local supermarket. Milk went up 100 percent from January 1974 to December 1974. A quart of milk costs at least one fifth of the daily working man's salary.

All of us who are concerned ask, "What is the solution? How can we help?" Unfortunately, the solution is a difficult one. However, the world hunger situation will not be remedied by U.S. food surpluses, or by other forms of "paternalistic charity." There is only one charity which could remedy the food crises facing two-thirds of our world—the great "Charity of Justice and Human Equality."

As Christians, we have a great responsibility to create a just, loving and equitable world society. We must promote programs which will not be "mere programs of hand-outs" which tend to leave people and countries in a dependent relationship, but programs which will encourage the human development of each being and country so that she or he can become an active co-creator in our world society. This is true development, for true development is human development. And only human development will ever support an equitable and just political system.

The truth of our American desire to develop other nations has at times been an egotistical desire. How often we hear that our U.S. policy is in the "American interest"? As Christians, we must stimulate a different attitude. As Americans we are responsible for all unjust international trade policies of our government which may be purely in the American interest. We also are responsible for unethical CIA intervention in other countries. Unfortunately

"It is our responsibility as privileged youth to change unjust policies of our government which benefit a few at the expense of many."

the United States is now often viewed by the poorer countries as an economic elite who benefits unjustly from the resources of these poorer countries, and who keeps them in a very dependent relationship.

The American people, however, have not always known the truth of our world situation. We the youth are privileged, for many truths are being revealed to us. But in being privileged, we have a greater responsibility. It is our responsibility to change unjust policies of our government which benefit a few at the expense of many. Let us be informed, let us be concerned, and then let us unite to do something, for the salvation and survival of all people is at stake! □

Children are water-bearers in Latin countries. Francisco, ten, carries five gallons in each can slung from shoulder yoke.The trip into town is almost a mile.

UNICEF Photo

JUST THE RIGHT WORD

I was lonely,
until someone said he cared.

I felt unsure of myself,
until I was told, "You can do it,"
and I did.

A question overwhelmed me,
until a simple answer
from a friend freed me.

The future frightened me,
until my grandfather calmly
showed me a first step.

I thought I was odd,
until a teacher assured me
I was unique.

Feeling I was ugly haunted me,
until companions helped me to see
the beauty that is mine.

O God, life was empty—I lacked Something—
until you gave me your Word.

—By Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.

CP
THE LIBRARY
PACIFIC SCH OF RELIGION
1798 SCENIC AVE
BERKELEY CA 94709